

TURNED AT LAST.

A Time Came When He Wouldn't Stand the Widow's Foolishness.

A Detroit, who was over on the west shore of Lake Michigan recently, wanted to post himself on the fruit prospects, and, finding a man at the railroad station who appeared to be a resident of the locality, he introduced himself and inquired:

"Could you tell me what the prospects of the apple crop are in this county?"

"I could, but I won't," bluntly replied the man.

"Excuse me, but I thought you might answer a civil question. You wouldn't tell me about peaches, would you?"

"Not a blasted thing! I don't keer a darn whether we are goin' to hev a million bushels or only a peck."

"I see. You have no information as to strawberries, I suppose?"

"Not a word! Mebbe thar's goin' to be earloads, and mebbe you couldn't find as much as a blossom."

"I have heard that it was likely to be a poor season for fruit."

"Can't help what you've heard about the season."

"Well, you might tell me about wheat and grass," said the Detroit, as he wondered what ailed the man.

"Yes, I might, but I won't. Can't git nothin' out o' me about this 'try," sturdily replied the man.

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, sir, and shall fur the next two years."

"Then what?"

"Then I'm goin' to git aboard of the train and hunt for another place."

"By—"

cautiously inquired.

"No, sir; by a protest."

exclaimed the disgusted man.

lives right over thar. I've been engaged

to her four times in this last year, and

four times she has thrown me down

to pick up some other feller! I am

through now. I've been throwed fur

the last time. The apples, the peaches,

the strawberries, the wheat and the

widder can go to grass, and I'm goin'

to Indiana."

"But, my dear sir—"

"No use! Got my ticket in my pocket

and my duds packed up and told the

widder what I thought of her, and I

shall go! I kin be throwed down once

or twice and git up smilin', but when

it comes to bein' throwed down four

times and jumped on to boot anybody

but a blamed fool would spread his

wings and fly."—Detroit Free Press.

Fakirs Who Made Fortunes.

An interesting book might be written on street men, or fakirs as they are called. Dr. Flagg, of Baltimore, was probably the pioneer in the business. For twenty years he sold patent medicines from the side of a buggy, with a negro banjo player as the attraction to draw a crowd. He retired twice, with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars each time. John Stinson was one of the old timers. His

specialty was the sale of glass cutters, and when he died he left seventy-five thousand dollars. Tom Wood was another. He sold razor strops, dentifrice and soap for taking out stains. This he used to describe as being useful in taking "stains from your coat, stains from your vest and stains from your character. If you should get shipwrecked, gentlemen, this soap would wash you ashore." Charles W. Thompson, of New York, has sold goods on the street corners in every city of more than thirty thousand inhabitants in the United States, and has traveled through England, Germany and France, disposing of a wonderful razor strop, which he warranted to put a fine cutting edge on a hoe. Dr. Flagg is dead. Thompson was alive at last accounts. There are a dozen more of equal prominence. All of them have made small fortunes. —N. Y. Mail and Express.

English Lawyers' Smart Speeches.

Of wit or humor, Scarlett had little or none. He was not the man to invent on the spur of the moment a telling nickname for his client, as Erskine did for a client named Bolt, whose character having been traduced by the other side, Erskine confidently assured the jury that he was known among his neighbors as "Bolt upright." Nor could Scarlett tickle the fancy of judge and jury by such a flash of wit as that with which he opened a certain coach accident case. "Gentlemen of the jury, my client is a respectable Liverpool merchant, and the defendant, Mr. Wilson, is a well-known

Gordon's "Soudan" armchair he always sat in, and carried with him on his journeys. It was a little strange, a backed chair, having a skeleton frame of round iron, a carpet back and seat, gilt knobs for ornament and small pads on the arms for comfort. The carpet had grown dim in the African sun which deprived it of all royal pretensions, so that when Gordon returned from his governorship of the Soudan and suddenly asked: "Where is my throne? Has it been brought here? They were all surprised. His throne? Nobody had seen a throne. But at length the camp stool was found where it had been stowed away.—Chambers' Journal.

At the Concert.

"Great Scott! What are they applauding that fellow for? He's got a voice like a sawmill and he sings out of the side of his mouth."

"Sh! They're trying to keep him on the platform till the boy they've sent after the cabbages and tin horns comes back."—Chicago Tribune.

ROUTED BY A JERSEY HEIFER.

The Experience of Connecticut's Naval Reserves in Their First Field Day.

The first division of the naval militia of the Connecticut national guard had its first field day a few days ago and made its first public appearance. The regulation working uniform of the naval reserves was worn and the new organization, the only one in the state, made a creditable appearance under command of Mr. Reynolds. After target practice, says a New Haven dispatch, the division was marched to an open lot at the base of East rock for drill, and was commanded by Ensign Goodridge. The company drill was gone through with, and, with the division formed in double ranks, Ensign Goodridge started his men across the field at double time. Half way across an innocent looking Jersey heifer, tethered by a long rope to a log of wood, was munching fresh daisies and buttercups.

On came the naval reserve, bearing down on the heifer in beautiful order. When about one hundred feet away the heifer raised her head and looked at the array of white suits and glittering arms coming toward her. First her delicate ears moved forward, then there was a defiant shake of the head and distention of the nostrils, followed by an elevation of the tail until it assumed a position on a line with her spine, the end waving like a flag of warning. Then, lowering her horns to a fighting position, the heifer, with a loud and angry bellow,

on again, dragging the rope and prepared to do battle. The order from the ensign, however, was to backstep his men, and, in order, soon getting to the heifer's horns. As the naval reserve were marched on, leaving the pretty two-year-old Jersey to enjoy her daisies and buttercups unmolested.

Honors for a Baby.

The heir apparent to the Bulgarian throne will want even more than the usual portentous number of uniforms obligatory for a prince if he goes on at the rate he is going now, says Pearson's Weekly. At the age of one day he was already chief of three regiments and a sublieutenant in his father's own Tirnova regiment. Honors of this kind are, of course, frequently bestowed upon royal children, but the practice is discouraged in the Austrian court, where the most careful attention is paid to etiquette, and under any circumstances the gazetting of a prince to such appointments before he has even been publicly christened is most unusual.